ROBERT GARRY

S. M. SAYFORD

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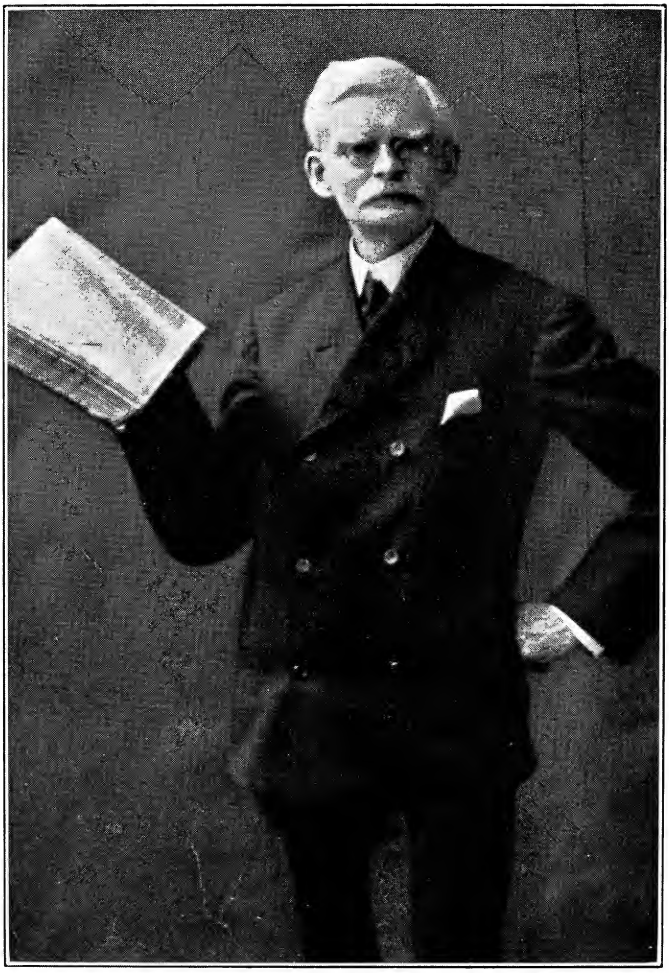

ROBERT GARRY

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"THE MAN OF ONE BOOK"

"WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD"

SKILLED MECHANIC
BRAVE SOLDIER
FAITHFUL DISCIPLE OF JESUS CHRIST
SKILFUL AND SUCCESSFUL PERSONAL WORKER

A MEMORIAL OF A RARE LIFE

By
S. M. SAYFORD

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To

MRS. ELLA L. GARRY

Who by Her Sacrifice of Companionship with Her Husband Made it Possible for Him to Devote Himself to the Interests of Christ's Kingdom for Forty-two Years

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

A Sketch of His Early Life 1

CHAPTER II

Our First Meeting and Work Together in Lockport 7

CHAPTER III

His Development in the Study of the Bible and the Use He Made of It 21

CHAPTER IV

His Qualities 35

CHAPTER V

Some of His Qualities Exhibited in Personal Letters 43

CHAPTER VI

Together in Nestlewood 51

CHAPTER VII

Last Days and Home Going 60

CHAPTER VIII

Other Tributes 68

APPENDIX

Some of His Bible Readings 79

PREFACE

Recently there died of pneumonia two soldiers in service. One of these was a line officer of distinction, well born and well bred, a politician well up the ladder of national life, much talked about, a member of several clubs, comparatively young. He was wealthy and left a fairly large fortune to his family.

The other was an old soldier, who had served with distinction in the Civil War, and at the time of his death was engaged in the Young Men's Christian Association War Work, in Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina. He was born of poor parents, reared amidst poverty, inured to hardships, and lived a comparatively obscure life. He was never in the "limelight," but spent and ended his days in the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God." Of this old soldier I am asked to write a memorial.

Although I have always dreaded the task of making a book, I attempt this one with pleasure because of my love for the man; because I knew him so long and so intimately; and because I am persuaded that a sketch of

the rare life of Robert Garry will quicken interest in the Book which he loved so ardently and studied so diligently. And I cherish the hope that it may deepen desire in many a life to do personal Christian work, which was a passion with my friend.

S. M. S.

Newton, Mass.

Chapter I

A SKETCH OF HIS EARLY LIFE

The parents of Robert Garry were born in Ireland and came to Canada in the early forties of the last century.

Robert was born at McCaskills Mills, Canada, November 20, 1844. The family came to the States in 1848, stopping for a brief time in Lewiston, N. Y., and then moving to Lockport, N. Y. There they lived until 1851, when they settled in the nearby town of Medina. Here young Garry spent his boyhood days. In 1856 his father died and Robert was obliged to help support the family. He had carried drills in a stone quarry when he was only ten years old, for which laborious work he received thirty-one cents per day. A few weeks after the death of his father, the boy began to sell fruit and candy at the railroad station in Medina and on trains running to and from that station.

For two winters, he spent about two hours a day in school, and with this scanty equipment he was obliged to begin his life struggle.

In 1859, he secured a job firing a boiler in a stave factory, at which he remained until the breaking out of the Civil War. Two of his older brothers enlisted; and Robert, fired with patriotic enthusiasm, made three attempts to follow them, but each time was returned to his home, from which he had gone without the consent of his mother. He was reared in the Roman Catholic Church, and it was through the efforts of the priest that he was apprehended and brought back. Not daunted by his repeated failures and arrests, with that intrepidity which was his prominent characteristic in after years, he made another and this time successful attempt. Stealing away from home at night and boarding a train for Rochester, about forty miles distant, he very soon presented himself at the recruiting station in that city for enlistment. Passing a good physical examination, and being of fit age, according to his own statement—although he was only seventeen—he was accepted, mustered into service October 15, 1861, assigned to Company F, Third New York Cavalry, and sent at once, via Washington, to the Army of the Potomac. He participated in many battles, and with his regiment was transferred to North Carolina, where he served under General Burnside in all of his engagements up to

the retreat from Tarboro. Here Robert was taken seriously ill and sent to the hospital, in which he remained for three weeks, when he was discharged for physical disability and returned to his home.

Having recovered sufficiently within a month, he recruited the required number of men and was appointed First Lieutenant in the Ninetieth New York Regiment Volunteer Infantry and was assigned to duty in the Shenandoah Valley, where he served under General Phil Sheridan until the close of the war. He was discharged at Washington June 3rd, 1865, and mustered out June 9th, at Rochester, N. Y., the city in which he had enlisted four years previously.

Within sixty days after his return from the war he entered a machine shop at Medina to learn the trade of a machinist. A year later he went to the Holly Manufacturing Company, in Lockport, where he rendered most faithful and efficient service for thirty-five years, twenty-five of which he was one of the foremen, with thirty or more men under him, for whose work he was responsible.

In due time, Robert married and established a home of his own. There was no "discipline of the strap" in his family. The two children were molded by love and example. The father,

by reason of his daily toil and the Christian work to which he devoted his evenings, was at home but little of the time. Mrs. Garry was a model mother, as she was a model wife. She lived and sacrificed for her dear ones. I have a fancy if she knew I was saying this she would ask to have it omitted, or at least to omit the word sacrifice. Doing was a joy with her; first in her home, and then for others outside. She did everything possible to make it easy for her husband to respond to the constantly increasing calls for his Christian service. Of the two children, Hopestill—a charming girl—lived into young womanhood, and then went to be with her Lord, Whom she had found joy in serving even when in her teens. The son did more or less Y. M. C. A. work in Lockport and in Buffalo, and finally went West, where he now has a home of his own and is connected with a railroad company. The home life of this plain family was ideal. The evenings, when they were all together, were most enjoyable; Hopestill at the piano and her father with his harmonica, or mouth-organ, with gospel hymns and popular songs gave variety to the entertainment. Each entered into the pleasure of the others and thus made an interesting and happy family.

Some time after Robert's conversion, his

mother, a devout Roman Catholic, came to visit in her son's family. He was much concerned for her conversion, and one evening he prevailed on her to tarry with them for their evening devotions. By design he selected and read the eighth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. As he read the fourteenth verse, "And when Jesus was come into Peter's house he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever," Robert's mother exclaimed, "Stop, Son. Was Peter a married man?" "Of course," replied her son, "that's what it reads." With some excitement she said it was not so in her Bible, when Robert replied, "Yes, it is, Mother. Bring your Bible." And when she brought it and her son showed her the verse and reminded her that the only difference was that in her book it read, "He saw his mother-in-law lying, and sick with a fever," she exclaimed, "Well, I always thought that popes and priests were not allowed to marry." It proved the entering wedge, and in a short time my friend had the satisfaction of bringing his mother into the faith which was his joy, and in which she lived and died. Nor was she the only member of the family whom Robert brought to see Jesus as he saw and knew Him. Neither were his efforts confined to Roman Catholics of his own family. He won several

from among his fellow-workmen in the shop, and finally made a Bible reading for [1]Catholics which has had large circulation and has been translated into at least one other language. From among his shopmates whom he led to Christ five became preachers of the Gospel.

Robert's absorption in Christian work was the cause, doubtless, of his absent-mindedness. Upon one occasion he took his little daughter to the center of the town where he had a bit of business to transact, and, being called to the other side of the street, bade the child to wait by the lamp post until he returned. In the course of an hour he reached his home, when his wife said, "Why, Robert, where is Hopestill?" and he replied, "My! I left the little tot standing down town to wait until I'd come for her." He hurried back, and sure enough, the little girl, in obedience to her father's instructions, was waiting for his return.

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[1]This reading, with others, may be found in the appendix.

Chapter II

OUR FIRST MEETING AND WORK TOGETHER IN LOCKPORT

We first met on life's pathway in Lockport, N. Y., in the early part of 1876. I was specializing in temperance work among children; and through it I came in close touch with the Young Men's Christian Association, and was chosen later by its directors as General Secretary.

Robert Garry was a skilled mechanic in the employ of the Holly Manufacturing Company. He had been converted three or four years previously and was eager to do Christian work. He was one of the trophies of God's grace in a series of evangelistic meetings conducted by my old friend, George C. Needham. Robert's coming out from Roman Catholicism created somewhat of a sensation among his Catholic friends and brought him to the special attention of the more aggressive Protestants. His first testimony in a public religious meeting gave evidence of the light which had

broken in upon his heart and conscience, and marked him at once as a man to be counted on for the things of the Kingdom. With exuberant joy the young convert exclaimed, "I am one of the happiest men in the world, for I have found the great High Priest and need no longer make confession to a priest of the church."

He united with the First Congregational Church, of Lockport, of which the late Rev. James W. Cooper, D.D., was pastor. He became deeply interested in the young man, and found him a jewel which to help polish became Mr. Cooper's great joy. Robert grew "in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ" to such an extent that his pastor, when he accepted a call to the South Congregational Church, in New Britain, Conn., tried to persuade the young man to go with him, that he might have his help in the new field.

The present pastor of the Lockport church writes, in answer to inquiries I made of him:

"Yes, our good saint, Robert Garry, is gone to his reward. The records of this church show that he united on confession of faith May 4, 1873. During the interim of my pastorates here, I understand that he seldom attended the services, but he was out of the city much of the time in evangelistic work.

He was never formally dismissed from our membership, and his name was on our list when he died, as an absent member. He was one of the saints of

the earth. He often spoke of you in our conversations."

He and I were about the same age; we had been soldiers on the same side in the Civil War; we had been interested in Masonry; we were "babes in Christ," and thus found much in common upon which to build a friendship which brightened and deepened with the speeding years, and was only interrupted forty-two years later when Robert was "called up higher." There is much satisfaction in the thought that such separation is simply an interruption of fellowship, to be resumed in that "land that is fairer than day."

"All are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still."

The enthusiasm with which Robert embraced opportunity for Christian service; his eagerness to know and use the Bible; his humility and simple childlike faith; his boldness and fearlessness won for him a place in the working force of the Association, and gave to the organization one of its best personal workers.

In those days, the efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association were not confined to men alone, but such work as it did

was more distinctively religious than now, and that prosecuted by the Lockport Association was almost exclusively of this nature. Its meetings were open to men and women and were generally evangelistic in character, with opportunity given for a public acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour.

In the fall of 1876, owing to much suffering among the needy poor of the city, the Association assumed responsibility for the dispensing of charity. In this new departure, Robert Garry rendered most valuable assistance. Continuing his work in the shop by day, he gave his evenings gladly, and without financial compensation, to this form of philanthropy. Night after night he and I visited the homes where poverty was pinching, and in addition to temporal assistance rendered we offered spiritual advice and consolation.

An extraordinary and startling incident was part of our experience in this new ministry. With several friends we had conducted an evening meeting in a nearby town, where we were compelled to spend the night, owing to a raging snowstorm. The next morning, being driven in a large pung over unbroken roads, we came within a mile or so of Lockport where we stopped to rest the horses. I asked our host and the other members of the

party if they would wait long enough for Robert and me to make a call on one of our parishioners who lived within a stone's throw. Getting their consent, he and I plunged into the snowdrifts and made our way to a tumble-down shanty, in which an unusual sight greeted us. A man, recently converted in one of our meetings, a woman, and a little babe were occupying a room, in which they ate and slept and existed. In an attempt to keep the driving snow from sifting through about the windows, they had stuffed rags and paper in the crevices; and about the bed in which the little child was sleeping, they had suspended old pieces of carpet to keep out the storm. The three were living amidst squalor; and yet there were fading evidences of refinement about the woman. She was combing a head of luxuriant hair; a Bible lay open on a box which was used for a table. The man, who admitted us, said, with tears trickling over his sin-scarred cheeks, "God must have sent you to us. We have a confession to make, and were wishing the two of us could meet you men together." Hesitating for only a minute or so, he continued, "The little one there," pointing to the sleeping babe on the bed, "is our child, but we are not married. What shall we do?" I said, "Oh, we can fix that, if you

desire. There is a minister in the sled out there whom we can call, and he will marry you with Mr. Garry and me as witnesses." "Ah," said the poor fellow, "if only we could. She is the only woman I love in this world, but I have two wives in Lockport. My first one married another man and lives with him; the other is living in a house of shame in town." I said, "Well, my dear man, you are guilty of a crime and must confess it and suffer punishment to make things right." His immediate reply was, "I am willing to go to prison or suffer any other penalty to clear this awful matter up." The woman was crying, but looked up through her tears, and said, "Yes, and so am I. If someone will take care of the baby, they may put us in prison, and when we have satisfied the law we will marry and live a straight life. I have seen better days; drink was my ruin, but I know there is hope for such sinners even as we are." Making note of food and fuel, of which they were in need, we returned to the pung and continued our ride home.

As early after our return as possible, we made an appointment with a lawyer concerning the unfortunate condition we had just discovered. After hearing our statement, he said, "Well, this is a tangled skein; it will

take considerable time and more or less money to carry it to court, and under the circumstances it is hardly worth the while. Take the money you would spend in trying to unravel the tangle and get the couple, with their child, away from here. Send them to some city where they are not known, and where they may marry and begin life anew." Whether this was the best advice or not, they left Lockport, settled in a city not far away, were married at once, and with the money we gave them he started in peddling tin-ware. They were kept under observation for some time and found to be doing well in every respect.

In December, 1876, the Y. M. C. A. in Lockport inaugurated noonday prayer-meetings. Of the few persons who attended, none came more regularly than Robert Garry. His prayers and his testimonies were always brief, and to the point, and interwoven with texts of Scripture: they bore evidence of being prompted and indited by the Holy Spirit. These meetings grew in power and in popularity, so that we were soon obliged to seek a larger room to accommodate the people. The members of the Lutheran Church, only a short distance from the Association rooms, kindly proffered their house of worship, which was accepted. Meetings were held in the evenings

as well as at noon, and within a little while we found that we were in the midst of a most gracious revival. The pastors of several of the churches united with the Association, and in a short time it became again necessary to seek larger quarters. These were found through the courtesy of the Methodist Church, where special meetings had been in progress since the beginning of the "Week of Prayer." By the concerted and unanimous action of the churches, now united in this movement, the Rev. George Mingins, of New York City, was invited to assume charge of the services. Still another enforced change of place, and the large Presbyterian Church was found none too large to accommodate the throngs that were now attending the meetings. My friend Robert was much in evidence throughout the campaign, and was soon recognized as one of the most efficient helpers. How many individuals he brought into personal touch with Christ through his open Bible will never be known. There were over three hundred conversions among the results of this series of meetings, the influence of which was felt throughout Niagara County.

The Young Men's Christian Association was now in the forefront of the city's religious life. Representatives of churches and Sunday

schools came to it for helpers, and among these no one responded more promptly or with greater joy than did the subject of this memorial. Among the applicants was a woman from the "Crocker District," where revival meetings were desired, and where some one was especially needed to lead in the Sunday school. This district was a farming community just a few miles from the city. When Robert was suggested, the woman expressed astonishment, and said, "What! that Irishman?" "Yes," replied the writer, "I know of no one more apparently filled with, and led by, the Holy Spirit than he. He knows the Bible as few men know it, and I feel reasonably sure that you will make no mistake if his services can be secured." After some hesitation she was persuaded to act upon the suggestion, the result of which was that he here began his first public work. An interest was kindled in the community attracting wide attention. Ministers and others from Lockport assisted, and great joy was among the people. Twenty or more "family altars" were established in as many homes through the faithful use the young evangelist made of his Bible, and through his unassuming manner in doing personal work. He so endeared himself to all the people that he was persuaded to remain

as their spiritual leader. He continued with them for several years, and left finally because of the demands for his Bible teaching from Rochester and Buffalo and the towns lying between these two cities.

Very soon calls for his services came from distant places, and so urgent were many of these that he withdrew from the Holly Manufacturing Company to devote his time without business interruption to religious work. From this time on, he was almost continuously engaged in Bible teaching and personal work, traveling through much of our country between Maine and Minnesota. The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations occasionally employed him for Bible work among railroad men and in industrial plants, in which he achieved distinction and won the hearts of thousands of the "dear boys," as he called them.

There came under my eye the following concerning his labors in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. at Peoria, Ill., in 1906:

"From December 10-22, 1905, Robert Garry conducted a series of 14 evangelistic meetings. Also a series of Noon Shop Bible Classes at Union Freight House, another at P. & P. U. Car Shop, and another at T. P. & W. Car Shop, a total of 26 meetings and Bible classes. The total attendance was 979.

The results are 78 decisions secured by personal

effort most largely by Mr. Garry before and after the meetings. Each of these, after his decision, signed a card pledging himself to Christ and giving his address.

Decisions were secured in reading room, dining room, wash room, on street, in bed rooms, shops, cars, baggage room, anywhere an opportunity offered. Since October 1, 1900, these meetings and classes have been persisted in faithfully, in building and shops, with the result that, as Mr. Garry is pleased to state it, 'The men show a remarkable attitude toward, and interest in, the gospel message, manifested in their acceptance of Christ, their readiness to hear the message, and to endure discomfort that they might hear, as was the case in the cold and open, unheated freight house, where speaker and singers were obliged to be heavily coated and muffled to escape the cold.' A card record of these decisions and a definite follow-up system is contemplated, also a correspondence Bible class with these decisions as its nucleus."

The great amount of personal work he did during the "Billy" Sunday meetings in Buffalo is referred to by Mrs. Abigail Luffe in a letter to Mrs. C. K. Fitch, of Passaic, N. J.:

"I wish you could have been with us at the 'Billy' Sunday meetings in Buffalo; to see 'Billy?'—No. To see souls saved every afternoon and evening. I missed only three meetings to which women were admitted, so am in a position to know a little as to what really took place.

There were some very earnest Christian workers, among whom our dear Brother Garry stands out in bold relief. Shall I ever forget the joy with which

we met in that great campaign? Work! I never saw a man more untiring in leading souls to Christ. Once I begged him to rest at least between meetings. His answer was, 'No, no, the time is very short. God has sent Mr. Sunday to wake up the great mass of people to get them interested, but to you and me He has given the work to drive the message home, and whoever has a heart to work now has the opportunity that may never be given again.'

One day I said to him, 'Do you never eat?' He replied that he had eaten in the morning and would take a little more before he went to bed. 'But look at all these people,' he said, and off he went again first to one group and then another, and in a very few minutes you would see his much-loved Bible held so that the ones he was talking to could read. Some he would plead with to come to the Saviour, and he did it in such a way that none took offense, yet he gave a full Gospel. Often I followed him from group to group of Christians, and again out came the Book so dear to his heart, and he would say, 'Oh, have you ever noticed thus and so?' and soon room would be made for him to sit among them, and then would follow a precious time over the Word.

I should say that he never lost one moment through that two months' campaign (two or three times he was away because he did not feel well).

There was an understanding between us that if I needed help with men or he with women we would send for each other, which we did a number of times. He was always ready, always on the alert. It was a grand sight to see the dear man taking up one, two, or three persons together three and four times at one meeting; his own face a picture to see; and we know he had been fully satisfied before he would take them up. Often have I heard him say, 'Shaking hands with Billy will do you no good unless it is an open

confession of a real birth through faith in Jesus Christ.'

As he saw the great place filled to overflowing, he would say, with beaming face, 'This is grand; do not fail to pray; we must have the power of the Holy Spirit if any lasting good is to result. Pray, Sister, pray; there are some who must be saved tonight. The bait has taken well tonight.'

Once again I begged him to rest. I knew he was not well; but he said, 'Don't tell anyone that. Jesus is coming soon; but if it please God to take me by way of death I only ask that it may come when I am at His work. Oh, I love, I love my Master, He has done so much for me.'

Talking of results one day, he said, 'I believe God has given me 350 souls in this place. Many more have told me they are saved, but 350, I believe, are really born again. Still, God knows the hearts of all. This is grand! What must it be to be there! We give the Word; life is *His* only.' "

Many similar testimonies concerning the labors of this indefatigable disciple of Jesus could be secured and printed were it less difficult to obtain them, and were less time necessary to complete the inquiries. Many secretaries of Y. M. C. A.'s and ministers with whom he labored have either passed away or are in the service of their country.

His greatest public work was doubtless among railroad men and mechanics. Thousands of these have been led to Christ and instructed in His teachings by this mechanic-evangelist. His meat and drink was to do

what he conceived to be the will of God concerning his responsibility for the souls of men.

The only evidence of impatience I ever discovered in my friend was when too long an interim came between his engagements.

Chapter III

HIS DEVELOPMENT IN THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE AND THE USE HE MADE OF IT

In the early days of our acquaintance, Robert asked me if I would show him how to study the Bible. He had come to recognize his need of a knowledge of the Book, but had not the slightest idea as to how he might study it to the best advantage without college training. I remember saying to him, "It isn't always easy to show a person how to do a thing that may be comparatively easy to do. The best way to study the Bible is to study it. If you get at it and let commentaries alone you may find a way. If you do, it will be your way, and that may be the best way for the use you will make of the Book in the work you may find to do. Buy an inexpensive Bible to begin with, one you will not hesitate to mark, and spend a little time with it each day. It may be well for you to begin with the New Testament. Read with great care and mark such passages as particularly appeal to

you. For convenience in reference, it may be well for you to mark all passages pertaining to salvation in red, and all references to sin and its wages in blue."

Within a few days, I called on him at the "Holly Shop," and found to my surprise that he had a Bible open on his lathe, and between its pages lay a pencil with red and blue leads, which he had already begun to use. His progress was almost phenomenal. In a comparatively short time he became able to quote and locate accurately more Bible texts than any man I knew. With his growth in knowledge came a corresponding growth in grace and in efficiency, and my friend was in great demand for "Bible readings," which in that day were very popular, and in the giving of which he had become an expert.

In the late spring of 1877, I went to Europe and left Robert in charge of the Association. He was not only attentive to its needs and faithful in the discharge of his new duties, but he was most considerate of my family and proved his friendship for me by numerous and unsolicited acts of kindness in their behalf. When in London, I purchased a wide-margin Bagster Bible, and on my return presented it to the dear fellow, who had already found such a large place in my heart. No man ever be-

came more closely related to a book than did Robert become related to this particular Bible. Neither an expensive diamond nor a large purse of money would have pleased him as much. The Book went where he went; they were practically inseparable. No memorial of his life would be complete if more than a single chapter were not devoted to the man and his Bible. Indeed, he and it were so interwoven that every chapter must necessarily contain more or less reference to that relationship. He came to be known among Christian workers and other friends as

"THE MAN OF ONE BOOK"

He had begun searching the Scriptures before the big Bible came into his possession. At the lathe he found time, in the intervals when the material adjusted in the lathe took care of itself for the next few minutes, to study his Bible without neglecting his allotted work; and at lunch he could well afford to take forty minutes of the hour that other men spent in smoking and telling unprofitable stories, for feeding on the Word that "maketh wise unto salvation." He was thus eating that which is good, and his soul was delighting itself in fatness, according to the Word of the Lord in Isaiah 55:2.

Now that he had gotten the new book, with its limp leather binding and golden-edged pages, he was rather shy about marking it. He was disposed to keep this Book as it were for "dress parade," until one day when he was showing it to a friend, the man had occasion to sneeze, and to Robert's disgust, the page was sprinkled with tobacco juice. He at once found comfort in Romans 8:28, declaring that this apparent misfortune was one of the "all things that work together for good." Since this page was disfigured, he could well afford to bring his pen and various shades of ink to mark this Book as he had marked another. Within two or three years his Bible became a curiosity in conventions and elsewhere. He and his Book were sought out by persons, several of whom I have known to copy copiously into their Bibles the comments Robert had made in his.

A Unique Use of the Bible

So familiar had he become with its contents that he made it serve him as we make the dictionary serve us when in doubt about the spelling of certain words. For instance, in writing a letter upon one occasion, he needed to use the word "business"; and being in doubt as to whether the "i" came before or after the

"s," he turned to Luke 2:49, and read, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Again, he wanted to write the word "government," but could not spell it correctly until he had turned to Isaiah 9:6, and read, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Reading it aloud, he exclaimed, "How can any Christian doubt the deity of Jesus Christ in the light of that verse?" And then he said to a friend at his side, "Let's have a little study on this blessed doctrine," and together they ran through the Book, collating texts until a first-class Bible reading on this particular subject was the result.

His exegesis of portions of Scripture might not stand the test of modern scholarship, but I'd rather have Robert Garry's knowledge of the Bible than the speculations of all the schools in Christendom concerning it. The "thus saith the Lord" or "it is written" was proof sufficient for his rugged faith. He said to me once, "Psalm 18:28 takes the place of college training in my case." Turning to the text, I read, "For thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness."

He would say with emphasis, "His Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." I have discovered recently that the Hebrew word used for path in this text is literally "trodden path." It is that kind of a path unto which His word is light. Robert had it because he spent so much time with his Bible.

In a public address in Duluth, Minn., he said, "The Bible is my constant companion, my textbook, the Book that educated me, and has given me all my inspiration in life. I have had very limited schooling, nothing more than the three 'R's,' but by careful reading of the Bible I have improved my command of language and my knowledge of men and affairs, and it has broadened my mind in general." He literally lived by the Book.

I recall his bringing an illustration to me that he had gotten in the shop. The master mechanic brought him a drawing and ordered him to make a piece of work after its pattern. In looking it over he thought he had discovered where an advantageous change might be made, but it occurred to him that the master knew his business and that the best thing for him was to go by the drawing. He finished the work according to the plan and received the approval of his boss. As he related this

experience, he added, "I'm afraid there are some 'D.D.'s' who are suggesting changes in God's plan of salvation as given to us in the Book, who will find themselves mistaken in the time of testing."

His Sense of Humor

Robert had a sense of humor which was most attractive. It asserted itself in most unexpected ways and at most unexpected times. No Irishman had keener wit than he. His failure to secure even a common-school education was noticeable in his spelling as well as in his grammar; but the former defect is not uncommon among college graduates, and the latter may be occasionally discovered in the chronic critic. Taking up my friend's Bible one day, I happened on the word "Satan" which he had written on the margin of the page. Calling his attention to it, I said, "Bob, you have the old fellow's name spelled wrongly." He said, "What do you mean?" "Why," said I, "you haven't spelled the word 'Satan' correctly." "How have I spelled it?" was his reply, "I thought I knew the old fellow well enough to spell his name." I said, "You've spelled it 's-a-t-i-n.'" "Well, what does 's-a-t-i-n' spell?" said he. "Satin," was my reply. Quick as a flash, he said, "Well,

we will just let it stay as it is, for that's the kind of dress the devil wears every time he gets after Bob." What philosophy was expressed in this flash of wit! How many of us, who have come to hate sin in general, are caught by the glossed suggestions of the evil one! How often defeat is encountered in life's struggle because of parleying with a questionable, but attractive, evil proposition!

His Devotion to the Bible

This unlettered man—according to the schools—was so devoted to the Bible and so absorbed its contents that he had prepared over five hundred Bible readings, many of which are gems in method of arrangement and are full of most wholesome instruction. Concerning some of these, he wrote me in 1909, saying, "While in Binghamton I gave four Bible readings on the inspiration of the Bible, and the school had them put in print. This subject I have been working on more or less from the time you gave me the Book thirty-two years ago."

His diligence in this particular was due largely to his having appropriated in the beginning of his Christian life those verses in the first chapter of Joshua:

"Only be thou strong and very courageous, that

thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

These words, addressed to Joshua after the death of Moses, Robert Garry made the platform and program of his life. Frequently have I heard him say, "The man who will live by this Book will never go wrong and stay wrong; nor will he ever want for any good thing. You know it is written in Psalm 34: 10, 'They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing,' " and then he would exclaim with emphasis, " 'Shall,' it's absolutely sure."

Robert's dwelling place, I discovered, was within the circumference of Hebrews 4:16 and Philippians 4:19:

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

"My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

He tested and proved the words of Isaiah in

that wonderful 55th chapter, at the second verse:

"Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

He lived on the Word, and thus found it easy to live by the Word.

He was always quoting Scripture and had the faculty of making it fit into ordinary conversation. He began and closed most of his letters with some verse of Scripture, and used "stickers" for his envelopes to carry the truth of the Gospel. His greetings and farewells were generally spoken in the phraseology of the Bible, and frequently he would work in some Scripture text in answering questions put to him by strangers. On one occasion a man inquired of him the way to a certain place in Lockport. After giving him the directions, he said, "Be sure and read Psalm 32:8." The man said, "What's that? What do you mean?" "Why," said Robert, "that's where God says, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye.'" Bidding good-by to some acquaintance, Robert said, "Meet me in the morning at Philippians 4:19," to which came the reply, "I don't know that place; where is

it?" This gave him the coveted opportunity to urge upon the person the claim of the Gospel. In leaving my camp where he had spent much of the summer as my guest, he sang out as he jumped into the auto, "Good-by; God bless you; read Hebrews 6:10." Going into the bungalow, I took up my Bible, and read:

"For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints and do minister."

During that day I found a bit of paper he had left on my desk, and on which he had written:

Our Security. Three Blessed Facts.

OUR PAST: I Sam. 7:12. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

OUR PRESENT: II Cor. 12:9. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

OUR FUTURE: Gen. 22:14. "The Lord will provide."

In one of his letters to me, he said, "The dear good old Book grows more wonderful and more glorious and more precious every day. It is the one and only Book that is entirely and eternally true. It has done a lot for your old friend Robert, I can tell you. I give it the first place in all the efforts I make for the Kingdom. The church or the Y. M. C. A. that

is most used of God wherever I go is the one that makes much of the Scriptures, and this is true of the individual believer also. In order to get the most light from the Word, we must put out our own candle." He closed his letter with Romans 15:13, which reads:

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, in the power of the Holy Spirit."

And then he added, "All joy; all peace. In what? In believing."

Loss of His Big Bible

There came a time, however, when Robert and his big Bible were forced to part company. It was in the winter of 1913. He wrote me from Columbus, Ohio, with reference to the burglarizing of my bungalow, and said, "Well, my dear fellow, there is so much of that going on all over the country. I have a similar experience to relate. When I reached Cleveland on my way here from Lockport, we had to change cars and wait six hours for a train to Columbus. Just before its arrival, I reached for my suit cases and found one of them gone. Some one had taken that leather case I had carried for fourteen years. It contained a new suit of clothes, that fine razor your brother-in-law, Mr. Kepner, gave me, and

many things I never can replace. Among these was the dear old Book you gave me in 1877. I do hope I may recover this, though I have need of the other things, too. There is no doubt about the grip being stolen, for it was too heavy for any one to carry off by mistake, so you see both of us have had a little of the same treatment. I am glad I have so much of the Bible in my head, as well as in my heart, and I am comforted with Romans 8:28."

The loss of his Bible was a most serious one, since the margins of its pages contained his annotations from many years' study. Special prayer was offered for its recovery; the aid of policemen in Cleveland was secured, but the Book was not found. Notwithstanding his keen regret, he looked upon its loss in a most philosophical manner, and with Christian resignation. He said to me, "Maybe I had come to think too much of that particular Bible; maybe I was becoming proud of it, since so many people were asking to see it, and many of them were praising me for my work in it; and possibly I was depending so much upon the matter I had worked out and put upon its pages that I might become lazy." Thus he became reconciled to the loss of the Book, but not without much effort and prayer.

Many persons have expressed wonder at his grasp of the Bible and attributed it to his memory. While he had a most retentive memory, it was necessary for him to read the Bible more than casually in order to become so proficient in its use. I remember hearing a man in a Bible class Robert was addressing ask, "How do you know so many Bible verses and are able to tell just where to find them?" His characteristic reply made a most profound impression. He said, "In coming from Lockport to Rochester, I noticed the brakeman would call the stations as we approached them, and do it without looking out of the car or at his time-table. As soon as I got an opportunity I asked the brakeman how he could tell the stations with such accuracy, and he said, 'Because I go over the road so often.'" That was the secret of Robert Garry's knowledge of and familiarity with the Bible. His memory was a large asset, but his application, his persistent and continued study of the Bible, and his daily meditation therein accounted for the frequency and accuracy with which he quoted its texts in private conversation or upon the public platform. He did it because he went over its pages so often. Most of us would be able to use the Book as he did were we as devoted as was he to its study.

Chapter IV

HIS QUALITIES

"Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man:
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of, while their hands were still."

—*Whittier.*

Many qualities which adorned this rare life might be specified, yet they could all be summed up in one word—*Devotion.*

His earnestness, his ardent love or affection, was the prominent trait of his character. He was earnestly devoted to his family, to his friends, to his country, and not least to his God. No sacrifice was too great for him to make, not even life which he gave so lavishly through the years of his earthly pilgrimage, and finally surrendered in his indirect service to his country at seventy-three years of age.

The component parts of this crowning quality may well pass under observation in determining the true worth of the man.

Truthfulness may be placed first among the foundation stones in the structure of his character. My friend's "word was as good as a bond." Absolute dependence could be placed upon his promises. His reliability, as well as his skill as a mechanic, made him one of the most valuable employes in the company he served for so many years.

Alongside of, and joined with, truthfulness was *Fidelity*. His adherence to a person or cause to which he was bound by ties of friendship or obligation was admirable, and almost, if not altogether, unusual. He would make opportunity, if none could be found, for an exhibition of this cardinal virtue. No service was too menial for him to render in contributing to the comfort of his friends or to the alleviation of their sufferings; and he would do as much for his enemies, if he had any, if thereby he might make the kindly act bear testimony to the grace of God in him.

Upon one occasion when we were together in my camp, I was suffering much discomfort from crippled feet. Robert would bathe them and rub them with alcohol and oil as we sat before a blazing fire on the hearth. Thus engaged one evening, he deliberately thrust my great toe into his mouth and nipped it with his teeth. Expressing my surprise at his

action, he said, "Why, beloved, I would a good deal rather kiss your toe than the toe of St. Peter." Whether in his home, or among his friends outside, or in service as a soldier, he was always unconsciously displaying this splendid quality of sterling character, which had running through it a vein of humor which he could not, or did not try to, suppress.

Humor was not the least attractive among the fascinating qualities which my friend possessed. He was born with it. He was full of fun amidst all the hardships of his early days. While attending school in the all-too-little time afforded him for this purpose, he was alert for opportunities for practical joking. Among the pranks he played was one to which he occasionally referred, since it was a great success without inflicting injury upon any one. The school teacher was severe in his discipline and incurred thereby the dislike of nearly all the pupils. One of his favorite ways of punishing the boys was to compel them to saw and chop wood for the old-fashioned drum stove. Robert, desiring to get even with the teacher, and afraid to trust any other boy with his secret, went alone to the wood-pile, secured a good-sized chunk of wood and bored a hole in it lengthwise. Then, inserting a small charge of powder, he plugged

the hole and threw the piece of wood back upon the pile. A day or two later there was an explosion which damaged the stove and created much consternation among the pupils and teacher, and the boy who perpetrated the joke was apparently as badly frightened as were his schoolmates.

Among his comrades in the army he was a leader in fun-making. Upon one occasion he helped to secure and secrete under the captain's bunk a hornet's nest which, when sufficiently warm, made things quite interesting in the officer's quarters, and would have confined in the guardhouse the men who did the stunt if they had been discovered. He sent a "raw recruit" to the chaplain for a remedy for mumps and another to the doctor to ask if it were wrong to play poker for dollars.

In after years, this fun-loving spirit would crop out whether in the home or in the shop, and semi-occasionally in recreation hours at Christian conventions. No man enjoyed a joke better than he, and it pleased him just as much whether he were the victim or the perpetrator.

Enthusiasm was one of his very prominent qualities. It was part of his nature; and coupled with fearlessness, or courage, it made him one of the most wholesome and valuable

associates in any enterprise in which he could be enlisted. This quality in my friend's character answered to the definition first in order of arrangement in "Webster" or in the Century Dictionary. His enthusiasm was "an ecstasy of mind as if from inspiration or possession by a spiritual influence." In much of his enthusiastic endeavor during the last forty years of his life he was divinely led. What he may have lacked in polish or culture was more than compensated for in his downright earnestness and sincerity.

He would rejoice in his weariness of body or mind if it were the result of service in behalf of others. I never knew his zeal to flag. If his strength were spent, he would nerve himself for any task by which he might serve friend, country or the Kingdom of Christ. Whatever of apparent sickness he suffered came generally because of his persistent and indomitable doing for others. He ate little, comparatively; slept like a well baby; had lots of sunshine in his nature, which kindled and kept aflame his contagious enthusiasm.

With this quality was beautifully blended that kindred trait known as *Optimism*. Based upon his belief that "whatever exists is right and good in some inscrutable way, in spite of all observation to the contrary," he was un-

daunted by apparent defeat, because he knew that ultimately right would triumph.

He lived in the blessed hope of the Lord's return—"when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." Such a hope in a man leaves no place for pessimism. Victory absolutely assured is the pole-star of hope. The second advent of our Lord is the spur to Christian activity, and all who are watching for Him, and believe in the teachings connected with His promised appearing, must of necessity have all their endeavor tinged with true optimism. Robert Garry was an optimist.

His *Generosity* was as large as his heart, and his heart was as large as the Creator could put into one man. He gave of his strength and of his limited means most lavishly. I have known him to work all day in the shop, give a public Bible reading in the evening, sit with a sick friend through the night, and go on with his work the next day. If he had but a couple of dollars in his pocket, and some worthy acquaintance came to him in need, he would give the two dollars rather than divide it.

These qualities were sufficient to have made him a strong man; but to have acquired the

character which placed him in a class above the common or ordinary Christian, it was necessary for him to have *Spirituality.* This was his predominant characteristic, and with the accompanying graces of sympathy and humility made him delightfully companionable. Faith and expectation were the warp and filling of the tapestry of prayer, with which he enfolded himself and all others for whom Christ died.

While to the casual observer he may have seemed rugged, without being austere or harsh, yet he had a heart as tender as the heart of a pure woman. In the forty odd years of our companionship, I never knew him to tell a coarse or vulgar story. Such a tribute cannot be truthfully paid to all Christians, for I have heard some most salacious stories from the lips of men who held high office in the church. Profanity shocked the sensitive soul of my friend, and wherever he heard it he sought opportunity to upbraid in a gracious and effective way the person who had used it within his hearing.

His prayer-life was one of the evidences of the nearness with which he lived to Christ. His prayers were so interwoven with the Scriptures that they sometimes sounded as if they were taken literally from the Bible. He

talked in most familiar fashion with the Lord, and made one feel as if He and Robert were really sitting together in sweet converse. He prayed as a "friend talketh with a friend." Sometimes he would mention by name many of his friends and commend them to God in most affectionate manner. At meals his thanksgiving for daily benefits was a joy to those of us who heard it. He lived day by day in an atmosphere which was charged with the presence of God. He had "put off the old man with his doings" and had "put on the new man," and gave undoubted evidence that he was bearing "the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control." He had "crucified the flesh with the passions and the lusts thereof." He lived and walked by the Spirit. While he loved wholesome fun, he was unworldly, and created by his presence and the use he made of the Book which was so dear to him, an atmosphere which was as refreshing as it was stimulating. I have heard others say, "I am always made better by companionship with Robert Garry."

Chapter V

SOME OF HIS QUALITIES EXHIBITED IN PERSONAL LETTERS

The following letter was written October 7, 1900, concerning an evangelistic campaign in Lockport, which eventuated in a most successful series of meetings:

"Everything is now looking bright for your coming to Lockport to work again for Him. It was not hard work, dear brother, to create an interest in your coming, all the saints I spoke to about it were anxious to have you come. What is most needed now is fervent prayer. Many are looking to God for His presence, help and blessing without Whom we can do nothing."

Then, referring to some of his own work in and about New York City, he continued:

"While in Montclair I took dinner with dear George A. Hall, also took breakfast and dinner with Charles Kilborne at Orange, also lodged Saturday night with him. He and his good Christian wife drove over after me and carried me back in time for meetings next day. They have a little ten-year-old son who is a mighty child in the Scriptures. I read in Acts 18:24 of a mighty man in the Scriptures, but here I found a mighty child. You must some day see his marked Bible and also see how he can

handle it. I am counting on our Bible study while you are with us. Do you intend to make our home your own while here or have you something else in view; if not, don't be ashamed to write us in full what you find in Philemon 22. Beloved, such as our home is you know it is yours at all times. I am now feeling first rate, doing lots of Bible study and giving it out as fast as I get it."

In 1907, I wrote him with reference to his finances, and the following was all he said concerning it (the Father was the only one to whom he talked concerning his money matters):

"Yes, I now get a pension of twelve dollars per month as every old soldier now receives that amount each month, and some of them more. I suppose you come in on this with the rest of us. It comes in very handy now-a-days, as I have not been out in the work since leaving Harrisburg, Penn., last December, but if Ella can be left alone later on will make some dates for fall and winter."

The following shows his interest in the work of the Kingdom and his persistent application in Bible study (the Bible he refers to was given to him in 1877). Writing from Lockport, in 1909, he says:

"Our good brother in Christ Tarbox tells me that you are kept quite busy. I am glad you are still able to keep in line while many dear saints have passed over since we came into the light, and are permitted to tarry here. . . . While in Binghamton gave four Bible Readings on the inspiration of the

Bible. The Bible School had them put in print, a copy of which I enclose. This subject I have been working on more or less from the time you gave me the Bagster Bible."

His interest in helping others to know the truth led him away from home more than some of his friends thought wise. I took him to task for it in a letter I wrote to him in 1909, and from which I quote:

"And, now, you old scamp, I want to scold a bit. For the past two or three years in most of your letters you have reminded me that you were going to stay at home more and take better care of Ella. Why don't you do it? How much harder it is to do than to say. I've found this out in many of the experiences of my life, and doubtless we are 'two of a kind.' But, never mind, we are getting older; we are nearly through our school days, and I trust by the time graduation comes we will have so learned our lessons as to pass a good examination and hear the Teacher say, 'well done.'"

Writing me later in the year from his home after he had visited Northfield, Mass., he says:

"Northfield has so changed in more ways than one. So much preaching and so very little Bible study or exposition, and you know the latter is what I am the most fond of. I did some good personal work while there and met many small groups between meetings over the Word."

In the same letter, he expressed a growing desire for some quiet little spot, in which he

and I could have uninterrupted opportunity for studying the Bible together. To this letter, I replied, saying:

"I am sorry we could not have had a couple of days at least together when you were so near Boston. I am planning now for a couple of weeks' vacation in the mountains of New Hampshire to begin about the 11th of September. I wonder if you could make it convenient to leave home at that time and share a real vacation with me. I'd like to have you for my guest from the time you leave Lockport until you return."

In his immediate reply to my letter, he said:

"Well, beloved, I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your great kindness in asking me to be your guest for two weeks in the mountains of New Hampshire. I know of nothing that would give me more pure delight, but could not think of your being put to any such expense for me. If there were openings where I could do a little work after the outing to defray expenses would be glad to be with you, but this could not now be arranged, for the time is too short. I have done very little paying work for the past two years, not having received over a hundred dollars in all, so do not feel like even sharing the expense for this vacation. Don't lose hope, however, we may have it some time."

Answering this letter from my friend, I was led to say:

"Your reference to financial compensation being so small for the work you did during the past two years uncovers anew the fact to which I have so often

referred. There are plenty of Associations that will let Bob come, because he comes and goes without any apparent concern for the wherewithal necessary to support his family. It's the same old story. It ought not to be so, but it is. A lot of real good folks seem to think because the Master had no place to lay His head that all His disciples ought to be content with the same pillowless fare."

Robert was so much afraid of interfering with what he believed to be God's plan for him and his family that he kept finances as much beneath the surface as many evangelists put them above the surface. He was so much afraid of friends' sacrificing to help him that there were times when he would positively decline to receive money sent him, as the following extract from a letter will show:

"And now only a word about the check enclosed from my dear brother full of love to Christ and such generosity. We are deeply touched by this token of Christian love from you but Ella and myself unanimously decided, Ella taking the lead, that like the water drawn for David at Bethlehem's well the sacrifice is one that we cannot accept. (II Samuel 23: 13-17.) You will not misunderstand us, I am sure, in returning your gift. Christ knows your heart and that you do it for His sake. He has more than provided for our wants. I am too weak to write more. Will only add we will some day, I hope, have our little outing either up this way or in New England."

The following shows his delight in the service others rendered for our Lord:

"Had fine time with our good brother Pettingill in his Brooklyn Bible class. He is much loved and used in New York and Brooklyn in Bible teaching. A Russian named Wm. Fetler conducted meetings in Mrs. Fitch's home for one week recently, a most remarkable man of God. Only few people came to hear him. They are so busy making green-backs to save."

Relative to the "Billy" Sunday Campaign in Buffalo, in 1917, he writes:

"Yours of February 22nd duly received. Am finding much hurry and rush in this campaign, as you did in Boston when Billy was there. Lots to do at all times. Fine shop meetings and all kinds of other meetings and any amount of personal work sandwiched in between. I note what you say in your letter about slowing up. Forty-one years is a long time to wear the harness amidst so many activities as teacher, preacher, evangelist, personal worker, etc. Well, my dear fellow, you have been a great help and blessing to me from the first. No living man has helped me more and you may depend I fully appreciate it and have always told the people so."

Among his letters to the author from Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina, was one just before his illness became sufficiently serious to put him in the hospital. In this, he said:

"My dear old Comrade—Your last letter for 1917 came duly to hand although mails here are much behindhand. The cough remedy you sent has just arrived. The cold wave struck this camp hard, froze and burst water pipes in our building and in others as well. Much as I would love to have you here with

me in this most blessed work, the weather would be too hard for you in your present condition. Been out of wood for some time; have some coal, poor stuff it is, makes little or no heat; nevertheless, we thank God for it as well as for other needed articles in camp. It's been cold ever since I reached this camp. Hope soon to have some warm weather to melt the snow at least. Never had such a severe cold in my life. It refuses thus far to yield to all remedies."

The following extracts are from his letters to Mrs. Cornelia K. Fitch, a very warm personal friend:

"Don't forget me in the great field and work in prayer."

"The recent great cold wave hit the camp hard. Snow now melting, which makes walking in deep mud hard work. Men are well provided for now, blankets, good living and clothing. Some so anxious to go to France."

"Men rush to our building (Y. M. C. A.) as soon as open. Enjoy two large furnace fires and large fireplace. Room 40x120 always warm for the men, where they find writing paper, envelopes, pens, pencils, ink, etc., and free for all. The Association has been a wonderful blessing and help to the men this winter in all army camps. The Government is also doing all in its power for the men's comfort. This sort of weather was not expected in this part of the country. Many men sick with severe colds. I have coughed harder this month than in all my life before."

"Wish you could look into this building and see the crowd: hundreds of men, many writing. There are six long writing tables nearly whole length of building and every seat occupied; others waiting to write."

"I have a free hand in all the camp as well as in the building to give out the pure Gospel. Scores of soldiers have already accepted our Lord Jesus Christ and written their home address in my blank book. The fact of my having been in Civil War gives me an extra grip on men. You would be pleased to see them gather around me to ask questions and advice. You may send any number of tracts. I can get Christian soldiers to pass them out judiciously."

Another letter was full of thanksgiving for sweater, shoes, helmet, underwear, etc., sent him by friends. He said:

"No man in camp, even General Ryan with whom I took dinner today with some thirty others, has finer footwear. I have received several boxes and have a variety of good things. It seems like a dream."

"If a Christian knows how to win souls this is one rich field to work in. Have had six Hebrews accept Christ. When shown by the Word that their Messiah has come, it seems to satisfy them."

Chapter VI

TOGETHER IN NESTLEWOOD

After I came to live in New England, Robert and I met with far less frequency. He often expressed in his letters to me a desire for a reunion in some secluded spot where we might again study the Word together. He concluded a letter to me, in 1909, with these words: "I would like to have about two weeks with you over the Word in some quiet place and at the same time have a little season of rest together; but such a time does not seem to be in sight at present. It may be if I should go to Pawtucket that I could spend a day with you in Boston, but do not count on it."

Several plans were made with the suggested study in view, but they failed to materialize until, in 1910, I bought a little piece of woods in Holderness, N. H., and built a bungalow, to which Robert came with me June 3rd of that year, and remained until July 29th. From that time until now (almost eight years later), we spent more or less time each summer, save one, in most delightful and profit-

able fellowship amidst the pines of Nestlewood. He could work in wood as skilfully as he had worked in metal, and many are the evidences of his handiwork in and about the bungalow.

It was always difficult to keep him quiet. He secured his rest by change of occupation. If there was nothing to do in camp, he would walk through the village in search of some one whom he might interest in the power and blessing of the Gospel. And none of these walks were fruitless. Upon one occasion, he came back after a longer absence than usual, and exclaimed as he entered the door, "Another victory! I got the landlord to accept Christ, and he promised to come over tomorrow and tell you about it." This bit of work was so well done that the next afternoon we saw the man approaching our camp. He came in unceremoniously, and said, "Well, Sayford, I promised Garry I'd call today and tell you what he got me to do." I said, "That's good, John, what have you got to say?" He replied, "Well, I've accepted Christ as my Saviour the best I know how, and I will try to do the right thing the rest of my life." In a few minutes, we three men were on our knees in prayer of thanksgiving for another trophy of God's matchless grace, and we besought Him for

keeping power for the man who, thus late in life, committed himself to God.

Robert preached and gave Bible readings in the church near by and taught the little Sunday school many Sundays during the seasons we were in camp together. It was interesting to watch the people gather about him after service and ply him with questions concerning the truth he knew so well.

He was particularly fond of children and would enter into their sports with the zest of a boy. Although he had passed threescore and ten milestones in life's journey, he could climb a tree as easily as any country boy, and do more work in a given number of hours than the average modern laborer.

One summer, we found that a limb of one of the tallest pines had been broken by the winter's storm and was fastened in a crotch near the top of the tree. Robert was bent on getting that dead branch, but I forbade his climbing so high; and he said, with that attractive little twinkle in his eye, "In the presence of the boss I must obey." Embracing an opportunity, however, which came when I went to the Bridge, he equipped himself for the coveted task. When I returned I discovered him among the topmost branches of the pine, girded with saw and hatchet. The dead

limb was lying on the ground. The only reply he made to my chiding was, "I didn't think you'd get back so soon." He was the most agile man for his years I ever knew. He had sinews like steel; his endurance was remarkable. Many a tree did he fell and saw and chop and store away under the bungalow, and call the work fun. "With such drinking water and such good living," he said, "a well man ought to be able to do anything needed in a camp like this."

It was amusing to see him when he'd come in contact with a hornet's nest and the hornets would come in touch with him. Though he might receive more or less stings, the destruction of that nest was a foregone conclusion. He'd burn it out. One day, my neighbor was standing on his side of the fence, and he and I were watching Robert clearing brush infested with the troublesome insects. Directly there was an attack made upon us by that species of bee or hornet that build their nests near or in the ground, or in old decayed stumps. My neighbor left hastily for his house, as I did for mine. Robert said he'd stay and see the fun, and he did until compelled to leave because of the furious attack the "critters" made upon him. Several of them followed him into the house. These we

killed with difficulty, and were somewhat the worse for the fight. I applied remedies to the stings which he had received, while he entertained me with a plan he had for routing the enemy. Early next morning, before breakfast, the deed was done, and the clearing was made without further molestation.

His sense of humor found ready expression in our camp life. Away from the constraints of society, in a place to which we had come for relaxation, there was lots of opportunity for the play of the boy side of our natures. We had great enjoyment one day in watching a good-sized boy whom he had induced to set a parrot's cage, in which to catch a woodchuck. According to Robert's instructions, the boy fastened a string to the open door of the cage, in which he had placed some vegetable to attract the chuck. Fixing himself alongside a nearby rock with the other end of the string in hand, he was watching for the opportunity to pull it. Robert would exhort the boy to be patient and to keep perfectly still, and thus he kept one of the most boisterous chaps in the neighborhood quiet for over an hour.

Upon another occasion, he went to the clerk in the postoffice, and said, "I understand that Mr. Sayford got thirteen two cent stamps here for a cent and a quarter." "That can't be

possible, Mr. Garry," said the clerk. "Well," replied the joker, "Mr. Sayford said so, and I am sure he would not tell a lie, and I think you ought to let me have the stamps at the same price you sold them to him." The clerk said that there must be some mistake and insisted that Mr. Garry should bring me to the office. Refusing to do this, he said, "You give me thirteen two cent stamps, and I'll prove to you that Mr. Sayford spoke the truth." Hesitatingly the stamps were handed out, whereupon Robert laid down a quarter of a dollar and one cent, and then he walked out of the office laughing.

He could dance as good a "clog" as I ever saw on the stage of a minstrel show, and two or three times I got him to do it for me on the smooth hardwood floor of the bungalow. These performances, however, were always of brief duration, since he said they smacked too much of the life he had forsaken some years before.

The loss of his companionship will rob Nestlewood of much of its charm for me. My, how he loved music! He played the harmonica as well as anyone I ever heard. Many an evening we had a most enjoyable time with his little instrument, my "Victor," and an occasional select reading, invariably, however,

closing with reciting Scripture texts and having a word of prayer. There were some records which, when put on the machine, brought tears to the dear fellow's eyes, whilst others would provoke hilarious laughter. Tetrazzini's high notes in the "Carnival of Venice" or her "Swiss Echo Song" would evoke exclamations of wonder, mingled with tears, whenever he would hear them. Though he could not understand a word of Italian, the marvelous range of her voice excited his wonder and admiration. Going from classic music to "ragtime," the other side of his nature was awakened, and he'd laugh at the "Whistling Coon" and join in the whistling chorus. But when the singer repeated the words, "He whistled when his wife was dead," Robert would indignantly exclaim, "That fellow's no friend of mine."

Last summer was our last one at Nestlewood. They were great days for us. It seems to me now as if some premonition of it made my friend do more than usual to make the weeks particularly memorable. He was so eager to clear the undergrowth completely from a new lot I had added to the place, and to trim low hanging limbs on the old lot, "because," he said, "we may not have another opportunity."

I had purchased several patriotic airs for my "Victor" which he and I greatly enjoyed. These, and two or three band selections with drum, would awaken memories of the Civil War, in which he and I had part. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was his favorite among these records, and he played it so often that it almost wearied me. He would stand before the horn and look into it intently as if he expected to see the singer's face as the tears rolled down his own. As the words of that last verse were being sung, his soul responded, his frame shook with emotion, and he became joyously agitated as Werrenrath so distinctly enunciated with his finely cultivated baritone voice the words,

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

We talked more or less about the prospect of our rendering together some service in the present awful conflict. The Young Men's Christian Association War Work would afford favorable opportunity, since we were too old for active service in the ranks. He said, "Of

course you can't go with your physical infirmity, but I never felt better in my life. I'd love to be among the boys and win a lot of them for our Lord." I filled out and signed a questionnaire sent me by the Committee in New York concerning my friend.

On the morning of Friday, October 19, 1917, we closed the house, put up the bars at the road and bade farewell to Nestlewood. He stayed with me in my home in Newton through Sunday. In the afternoon, with my daughter's family, we motored about forty miles, through their hospitality, and returning took lunch at their home. He and I spent considerable time in prayer in my study that evening until ten o'clock, when he left for his home via New York City, where he wanted to make inquiry about his chance to work among the soldiers.

Chapter VII

LAST DAYS AND HOME GOING

The world's appraisement of a man is most likely to be based on the size of his bank account, the bonds and stocks he holds, the amount of his real estate free from all encumbrances, the number of clubs to which he belongs.

"To talk of fortune in terms only of the money market is simply to show our limitations." God's appraisement of a man is in the quality of his character. This constitutes true wealth, and alone passes current at the bank of Heaven. A man is worth just what he is. Character is molded by the divine touch, and this is secured through faith in, and companionship with, God's only begotten Son.

Robert Garry was rich in the love and companionship of God and has entered into his reward. Could he have chosen a place from which to be called from the activities in which he had spent the years of his Christian life, it would have been the place where he had ample opportunity to recruit men for the Kingdom of God.

Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., gave him this opportunity, which he most heartily embraced and improved to the best of his ability.

Concerning rest, he disregarded the counsel of his friends, as well as the monitor within his own heart. I doubt not but that he was spurred on in these last days by the words of our Lord, who, when His parents found Him in the Temple, "sitting in the midst of the teachers, both hearing them, and asking them questions," said to his parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He had often said to me, "I want to wear out rather than rust out," and this he literally did until compelled to enter the hospital. His last letter to me, which was written from Camp Wadsworth, under date of January 3rd, is indicative of his suffering and of the uncomplaining spirit which kept him brave to the last.

The end of his faithful ministry on earth came in the early morning of January 18th, when he was summoned from among the boys he loved so dearly to be with the Lord, for whose second advent he had so faithfully watched.

A telegram received from his beloved wife was followed by one from our mutual friend,

A. H. Whitford, in New York City, which read:

"Garry received his 'abundant entrance' when he fell asleep this morning at Spartanburg. His son arrived last night."

Later, Mr. Whitford wrote me:

"When I wired you that Robert had an 'abundant entrance' I had in mind that the joy bells were ringing because of his arrival in glory, for no saint ever felt more at home on arrival—no saint probably better understood the language. What a Kingdom linguist he was! He began life in Blue fighting for his country and ended life in Khaki fighting for all that was best in helping our fighting men."

Mrs. Whitford had written me two days before Robert went from us, saying:

"Have you heard that Mr. Garry is in Spartanburg working with the Army Y. M. C. A.? He has caught a very heavy cold and we fear pneumonia has developed. He is in the hospital there having the best of care. . . . He was too old to rough it. He felt quite upset at first to think the Y. M. C. A. perhaps would not accept him on account of his age; finally they did and he went. . . . One thing is sure if he does not recover he will fall asleep in the harness. There is no one I know of who will receive more stars in their crown than our Mr. Garry."

How prodigally he spent his strength, and what a valuable service he rendered in these last days may be conceived from the two following letters; first, from young Corporal

Lunard, who was greatly attached to Mr. Garry, and who had been much helped by him in Bible study. He writes:

"You ask several questions in regard to the last days of our friend which I shall try to answer. I am glad to say that the end came without much suffering. Of course it was bad enough. He had had a bad cold for a long time. One morning, about a week before the final, I came, as was my habit, rushing into his room only to find him looking poorly and panting somewhat. I said, 'What's the matter, Daddy?' (He had so endeared himself to the boys that many of them called him Daddy.) 'Oh, Carl,' he said, 'how I wished last night that you were here, I was so sick, and I surely thought that the Lord was going to take me away.' But somehow he got better for a couple of days.

My regiment was then quarantined and I could not see him in the hospital. A friend of mine met me at the guard line every evening to give me the news. He remained conscious, or semi-conscious at least, to the last, ever interested in the work in camp and inquiring about it at every opportunity. Of course we expected that the dear man would leave us; and I think he, too, was aware of it, but he never said anything to anyone in this respect.

Evenings I would sit in his little room studying the Bible under his matchless guidance and we would say our prayers together, he in bed and I kneeling at its side. Somehow it seemed to me his prayers became more magnificent from day to day. He would linger a bit as he said, 'Oh, Lord, when we can't do anything for you any more, take us away to be with you.' My, how he loved the Lord! Oh, my friend, how he loved the holy Cause and all of its saints. Surely he was suffering discomforts of many sorts

(though we did our best for him), but he thought of Saul of Tarsus—Paul—who was called to suffer; and remembering his sufferings he forgot his own. I can still see the tears in his dear eyes as we read Acts 9:16, and spurred on he went out among the boys to labor in the vineyard; and Oh! the joy in his dear eyes when some one accepted our Saviour.

We used to ask those into his little room and there we would pray with and for the new-born soldiers."

After some personal reflections, the young Corporal concludes his letter with the following:

"I am thankful to God that the beloved man came to this camp. They say he is dead, but he lives; he lives as he never lived before, with Christ in glory, and is it not good to know that we shall meet him there?"

The other letter is from Rev. Paul Moore Strayer, Camp Religious Director at Spartanburg. He writes, under date of January 21, 1918:

"My dear Sayford: As Religious Work Director I am very glad to send you a word with regard to Robert Garry, your friend and ours.

He spent about one month in one of our Y. M. C. A. Units and left an influence which will tell tremendously in the work of our whole staff, of about thirty-five men. Every day he had about *8 to 10 conversions,* by which I mean, he got that many men, one after the other, into his room and showed them the way to a Christian life, prayed with them, and helped them to a personal decision. He did the kind of work which our Association workers are slow to attempt,

because of diffidence and fear they might not be able to put it through.

We had a memorial service this morning at which the whole staff was present. We agreed he came to his end as he would like to have done if he had had the choosing. Never in his life could he have done better work. One word seems to sum up his personality and that is 'devotion'; he was utterly devoted to his business of winning men for Christ. Of course, he had an advantage in his Civil War record and in the reverence which a Christian old age always commands. But, if we younger men were driven by his sheer devotion we could accomplish far more than we do. I am confident we have learned a lesson from him and that through our staff of stalwart young Christian workers he will accomplish more during these next six months, far more than he could have done himself were he here with us in the body. 'He, being dead, yet speaketh,' and he has inspired every one of us with something of his passion for the souls of men.

There were times when I regretted that he had been sent to us, for I felt he was not physically strong enough to endure the hardships entailed by this rigorous weather. I now feel, however, that he has achieved in one brief month more than any noted man who might have been sent to this camp.

We will never cease to thank God for Robert Garry."

Thus have ceased the labors of my beloved friend and fellow-worker. He built himself into the lives of thousands of men whom he led into the "marvelous light" of the Gospel of God's dear Son. It was a fitting capstone to the rare life, of which he gave so lavishly,

that he might lay it down among the men whose souls he coveted for Him who "loved us and gave Himself for us."

He could have well said in the words of an author unknown to me,

"Into the garner of the past 5-6
My day has gone;
Its work has all been done,
Its seed been cast.

Saviour, supremest, best,
Receive my day,
And hear me when I pray
In thee to rest.

So in the quiet of the night
I lay me down,
Thy work my noblest crown,
My chief delight."

His body was brought to Lockport by his son, who reached the camp the night before his father "fell asleep." Funeral services were held at his home January 22nd, in which Rev. J. Webster Bailey, pastor of the First Congregational Church, officiated, and Rev. W. L. Pettingill, of Wilmington, Delaware, assisted. Mr. F. H. Thatcher represented the Railroad Y. M. C. A. of Buffalo. Other friends were present from distant cities. His body was laid away in Glenwood Cemetery, to await the morning of the resurrection.

The *Lockport Journal* contained an article

on his death, in which was the following reference to his Y. M. C. A. War Work:

"With his accustomed ardor and enthusiasm he threw every ounce of his vitality into personal work among the boys in the training camp."

The article concludes:

"Through his efforts hundreds were led to a deeper study of the Scriptures and to a personal knowledge of Christ. Among his personal friends were some of the most earnest and active Christian workers in the country. In his own daily life Mr. Garry endeavored to put into practice the teachings. He died as he had wished to die, in the service, as true a patriot and soldier as any man fighting in the trenches. He had been through the Civil War and knew the hardships of a soldier's life. Surviving him are his wife and one son."

I imagine my friend among those of whom it is said in Daniel 12:3:

"And they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Should he have a monument of stone to mark the grave wherein the loved ones laid his body, no more appropriate epitaph could be carved upon it than the words of Paul:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Chapter VIII

OTHER TRIBUTES

The following tributes show the loving regard others had for their friend and mine; and they may appropriately constitute a chapter in this memorial. Many others could have been secured if there had been time to solicit them.

Rev. Charles R. Erdman
Of Princeton

"It is a great pleasure to reply to your letter in reference to Mr. Robert Garry. I recall with distinctness his visit to the Princeton Theological Seminary. As he had been a lifelong friend of my father, and as I had been with him when he was conducting services in Philadelphia among the railroad men, I urged him to address the theological students. He came to my classroom one morning and gave to the seniors a fascinating account of his own life, particularly as to his habits of Bible study. The purpose of his message, as I had hoped, bore on the need of daily devotional Bible study. His address, as was always the case, revealed a most accurate and striking knowledge of Scripture passages, and the men were fascinated by his quaint and sparkling humor, as well as by the rapidity of his utterances and the evident depth of his spiritual conviction. I am sure

that no one who heard him speak will ever forget his message. I also recall his addresses to the railroad men among whom I have been working for the past twenty-three years. His services were not largely attended, but produced a very definite stimulus along the line of Bible study.

I am delighted to know that you are engaged in preparing a memorial of his life and I shall hope to secure copies of the book as soon as it is published."

Col. Samuel C. Pierce

Of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, Rochester, N. Y.

"Mr. Garry's service in the Union Army was similar to that of thousands of his associates. As a soldier in the ranks he did his duty, his whole duty, willingly, conscientiously, fully impressed with the righteousness of the cause in which he was offering, if need be, his life. Serious illness terminated his service with his comrades before the final victory was won,[1] but no more zealous, faithful defender of the Union ever donned the blue than Private Robert Garry.

For the past thirty years I have been the secretary of the 3rd New York Cav. Veteran Association. For the most of that time Mr. Garry was Chaplain of the Association. He was a deeply religious person and always impressed me as one who tried faithfully to follow the footsteps of the Master and who spent his strength in showing others the path.

I am deeply grieved to learn of his earthly separation from the comrades whom he loved, but I look

[1] Within sixty days after his discharge, he recruited a company in his native town and served in the 90th New York Regiment Volunteer Infantry as First Lieutenant to the close of the war.

forward to an eternal reunion with him in the happy beyond."

COL. N. P. POND

Of *The Rochester Democrat Chronicle*

"I was a Captain in the 3rd New York Cavalry of which Garry was a member also. I was taken from that regiment and promoted to Colonel in another and of course lost sight of the members of the former. Since the war I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. Garry and learned to prize his friendship very highly. His death was a shock to me as he had been in my office only a little while before I heard of it."

Being very popular with boys, it is altogether fitting that the following letter from one of them should be inserted here:

"Dear Uncle Sam—

I was very glad to have your friend, Mr. Garry, visit us at the farm. I enjoyed hearing him tell stories of the war and play the harmonica. He gave me one.

I never heard a man who could repeat so many Bible verses.

We had a little meeting Sunday evening led by him. Fay, our man, enjoyed hearing him. Mother said it did him lots of good. She said he never liked religion before.

Mr. Garry is a good sport, too, although he is so old. We had a game of ball, not baseball, there were two bases and two players on each side. The pitcher threw the ball over the base, the batter would hit it and then they changed bases. If the batter did not hit the ball the catcher would pitch it back, and so on.

I was umpire. I had a shingle and a pen knife

and would scratch every point on the shingle. The score was ten to ten. Chase said it wasn't, but I was right because Mr. Garry said so.

We went for a walk one afternoon. Mr. Garry went right up the rocks like a boy.

He showed me how to mark my Bible in red ink and left us some verses, Heb. 6:10 and John 13:35.

Yours truly,

Kenneth E. Kepner."

A friend writing concerning his death, says:

"We shall all meet again, surely, surely. So why do we weep our hearts out because one of us has gone on a little ahead? I had some troubles I wanted to tell him, but I am glad I did not. They would only have depressed his sympathetic heart. He had a passion for souls. I never knew his like. Sowing by all waters and the harvest will be glorious!"

Mr. Homer Black

For Many Years General Secretary of the Harrisburg, Penn., Y. M. C. A.

"I have known Robert Garry for more than twenty years and used him as a Bible teacher again and again during my secretaryship in the Harrisburg Y. M. C. A. I knew him well and loved him much indeed. He was one of the most lovable men that I ever met, as well as one of the most humble. His supreme desire was to win men to Christ through the use of the Word, and then teach them how to become better acquainted with Him in using the Bible. He was a gifted man in this line, and his gifts were renewed day by day by the Holy Spirit. The church will deeply feel his loss, while men all over the land

who were led to Christ by him or edified because of his ministry will always rejoice that they were brought into contact with Robert Garry, God's man, in God's place for God's pleasure. Personally he will always be in my memory."

Rev. William L. Pettingill

Dean of the Philadelphia School of the Bible

"Robert Garry was no small factor in determining the course of my own life and it is probably due in part to his faithful testimony as a teacher of the Word of God that I myself was led into the same ministry. I was less than twenty years old when I came into contact with him in the old Y. M. C. A. rooms on East Main Street Bridge in Rochester, N. Y. I have known and loved him all these years and I do thank God upon every remembrance of him."

Pres. John A. Davis

Of the Practical Bible Training School, Bible School Park, N. Y.

"Too high tribute to the revered memory of Robert Garry cannot be written. He was so close to our Father that to know him was to become better acquainted with God.

At our large Summer Bible Conferences at Bible School Park, also his various times of visitations and teachings at our school, he has again and again conducted the work without the use of his Bible, only as he held it in his hand, so thoroughly did he know the Word. Better than all of that, he never failed to be a channel of blessing. Whenever he appeared on the campus, a bevy of students surrounded him.

He was one of the saints."

Charles T. Kilborne

Of Wall Street, New York

"My acquaintance with Robert was through you at the first. The names of Rev. George C. Needham, Rev. James W. Cooper, and Sayford and Garry grouped themselves together as I recall those early days. After he came out for the Christian life his development was the most rapid and symmetrical I have ever seen. His pastor, Rev. Mr. Cooper, said to me, 'He is a man of one Book, the Bible, and he feeds upon it to his great personal enrichment and growth.' His loving reverence for the Bible was most marked. He spoke of it as 'the Word' in a tone and manner which cannot be forgotten by those who heard him. To him it was the supreme authority, the highest court in all questions of religion. It had led him out into the new life; it had constantly and fully met his needs as they unfolded; it had never failed him in any time of need; it was increasingly full, rich, and satisfying; therefore it had vindicated itself.

His devotion to Christ as the Son of God, his personal Saviour and Redeemer, found its expression in the words 'He loved me and gave Himself for me,' and 'his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.' Following his realization of salvation through Christ as a substitute, came that of the Elder Brother, filling him with a sense of overwhelming condescension and honor. His response to these successive experiences might have been expressed in the language of the hymn,

> 'Love so amazing, so Divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all.'

His eagerness to share with others what he had

found was most constant and his unceasing activities were prompted by his loyal gratitude to Christ and his Christ-like love for his fellows. There was not a trace of 'legality' in his service, but the joy of a redeemed soul conscious of its redemption. 'Free from the law, O happy condition' and 'I'm the child of a King' were hymns expressive of his attitude. He could have reverently used the words of the Psalmist, 'I delight to do thy will, O my God.'

He told me of his connection before his conversion with a fraternity which required that he spend from one to two evenings a week for some time at the Chaplain's house learning the unwritten work, and said that this Christian minister, knowing he was an ungodly man, never spoke a word to him about Christ, and added, 'If he had led me to Him at that time, just think of ten years more of service I might have had for Him.'

His ability and success as a teacher of the Bible were due largely to his unshakable confidence in it as the Word of God, and also his patience and gentleness. No opposition could excite him to irritation or anger, but when it seemed to be caused by wilfulness or a dishonest attitude, he was grieved and distressed for the other person.

While he was grateful for words of appreciation and encouragement, he was also entirely independent of them. The smile of approval from his Saviour was his supreme satisfaction.

I have a short list of men who have influenced me strongly and helpfully in my Christian life, and Robert Garry's name was placed there long ago, and there are few others that stir such tender feelings as his."

A letter written by the late George C. Needham, in 1897, comes under the observation of

the author, who takes from it the following extract:

"How glad I am to know that you are with my princely brother Bob. Ah, me, but he is A-1. A wad of theology, a bed of spices, a bundle of myrrh. He is none of the modern willowy and waxy high-flyers who pose as evangelists when the sun shines, or lovely maidens flatter. When God called Robert, Satan had a shock, and swore by his black throne to have revenge. But see, the slim greyhound of our King, keeps on chasing the cubs of the pit back to their lair. Beelzebub would swap a legion of his Germanized 'higher critics' for one Bob Garry."

Mrs. C. E. White

Supt. West Side Gospel Mission, New York City

"We loved Mr. Garry, and he was loved by our young people especially. I remember one day seeing him in a group of unsaved people with about a dozen children in the group and the elders sitting interestedly by, he the while telling a war tale and between times having those youngsters recite a Bible text, 'Thou God seest me.' It was interesting, for the group was so unusual, and he 'had them all' and they were getting a lot of gospel truth seemingly without knowing it, that is, they would not have listened at all but for the tact with which he presented it.

One day when on the farm with us he gave an evidence of the humor he possessed. A party, myself and husband included, were going for a day's outing to Lake Mohonk. We urged his joining us, but he stayed at home and picked pears all day, picking more than either hired man who picked side by side with him and ridiculed the idea of a 'city man and

a preacher' being able to really do anything worth while. At night they were tired out and ready to respect our preacher friend, who had made them do the hardest day's work they had done in a long while and had beaten them out at that. He enjoyed this experience immensely.

One night while with us there in the country, we had started to the village to attend a meeting which we had arranged for Mr. Garry to address. Meeting and greeting a neighbor, a godless man though a genial fellow, Robert sat down on the stone wall and 'preached Christ' to him, urging immediate acceptance of the Saviour.

He was never too tired and it was never too late for him to talk it out with any inquiring soul. Often it was the midnight hour when he would have finished making the way clear to some seeking soul in our midst.

We shall never cease to thank God for the influence of the precious life of our friend, Robert Garry, on our own lives as well as on the lives of our people."

The Bible Scholar contained the following from the pen of Rev. W. J. Erdman:

"I am one of the many who feel a great personal loss in the departure of dear Robert Garry to be with Christ, whom he served so faithfully many years and for whose return in glory he ardently looked.

Somehow I cannot dissociate Robert Garry from the word of God. It was ever in his heart and on his lips, and as a book—the Book to him, carried under his very arm.

We all loved him; he was so simple-minded, so humble, so generous—he had the true, warm, cheerful Irish heart; but withal, who was more shrewd than he in ways and devices to disarm prejudices

and excite interest in the Scriptures and the way of Salvation when speaking to sinners, whether in private or in public?

And none were nearer and dearer to him for whose salvation he prayed than the adherents of 'the old church' in which he was born, and which he left when his eyes were opened to see what the Word of God taught touching the way of salvation.

The men in the Holly Works of Lockport, N. Y., where he worked for years, and the farming communities around the city, could bear witness to his ceaseless interest in their salvation, and to his ingenious methods to arrest and keep their attention.

And many fellow-workers of past years and who are now with the Lord probably never knew of the list of names fastened to the machine he tended in the shops, for whom his prayers and thanksgivings went up daily to God.

He died in a soldiers' camp in the South; he had been himself a soldier in the Civil War; he loved and understood soldiers, and truly he was a 'good soldier of Christ Jesus.' Though not educated in the schools, none contended more earnestly, humbly, and intelligently for the faith 'once for all delivered to the saints.'

Many, indeed, will thank God now and in the Glory for the life and ministry of this humble servant of God."

And now, Father, grant that the author, and all those who read this memorial, may emulate the example of Robert Garry, whose devotion, and enthusiasm, and fidelity, and faith, and deep spirituality kept him in the "inner circle" of our Lord's disciples.

APPENDIX

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS FOR ROMAN CATHOLICS

PREPARED BY THEIR FRIEND, ROBERT GARRY, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Please get a Bible and read all the texts referred to in this little messenger

Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12: 32.

1. WE SHOULD ALL READ AND STUDY THE BIBLE

John 5: 39. ***Search the Scriptures.*** **Not other books.**
Matt. 22: 29. Ye do err not knowing the Scriptures.
II Tim. 3: 16. It is *all* profitable.
Rev. 1: 3. A blessing on those that *read it.*
Deut. 11: 18, 19. Should *teach our children* the Bible.
Acts 17: 11. The Bereans commended for searching the Scriptures to see if their preachers preached the truth of the blessed Gospel.
John 17: 14. Jesus gave the *word only.*
Luke 24: 44-47. Jesus taught out of the Old Testament.

2. BIBLE COMMANDMENTS ONLY, TO BE KEPT

Rev. 22: 18, 19. We must not *add to* or *take from* God's word.
I John 3: 22, 23. The Two Commandments.
I Tim. 4: 1-5. To forbid Meats is an error.
Matt. 26: 27. *All* were to drink of the Cup, and not the Priest for the people.
Mark 14: 23. They *all* drank of it (the Cup), as Jesus commanded. John 14: 15, 21.
James 5: 14, 15. Praying for the sick and *anointing*

them with oil, was to prepare them to *live consecrated lives and not to die.*

I Cor. 14: 19. Paul teaches us to use *a known tongue.* Not the Latin Tongue for English-speaking people.

Isa. 8: 20. The word of God should be our standard in everything.

3. Mary, a Blessed Woman, But Like Others, Needed a Saviour

Luke 1: 46, 47. Mary confesses *Jesus her Saviour.*

Matt. 2: 2. The Son, The King, and not the mother, worshipped. The expression *worshipped Him*, is found 13 times in Matt. alone.

Matt. 2: 11, 13, 14, 20, 21. The child always mentioned before the Mother; *do not reverse it.*

Acts 1: 14. The last mention of Mary is in a prayer meeting, and she not even the leader.

I Tim. 2: 5. Only One Mediator between God and men. The Man, *Christ Jesus.*

I John 2: 1. As to sins, we have an *Advocate* with the Father, and *one only.* Mary, therefore, is *not needed.*

4. Peter No Better Than Many Other Men

Luke 5: 8. Peter said to Jesus, "*I am a sinful man.*"

Acts 3: 12. Peter did not trust his own power or holiness.

Acts 10: 24-26. Peter said, "I am but a man."

Acts 9: 32-35. Peter said, "Jesus maketh whole," not "I make whole."

Acts 10: 36. Peter said, "Peace by Jesus Christ."

Acts 4: 12. Peter said no hope or help aside from Jesus.

Gal. 2: 11-14. Paul blamed Peter for acting wrongly, and this after Peter had been an apostle about 25 years.

5. The Bible Does Not Teach that Peter Was Ever in Rome

I. Epistle written to Romans, A. D. 58 to 60.
In Romans, Chap. 16, Paul salutes 26 or more persons by name. *Peter not mentioned* among them.

II. Paul writes from Rome his Epistles, Eph., Phil., and Col., and names brethren who were with him, but *Peter was not one of them.*

III. Paul writes, II Tim. from Rome, the last letter he wrote just before his death, and says, *Luke only*

is with me. II Tim. 4: 9-12. Not one word about Peter.

6. As to the Marriage of Priests

Luke 1: 5, 13. *Zacharias, a Priest,* a married man, and yet pleased God.
I Cor. 9: 5. Mark 1: 29-31. *Peter* was married.
I Tim. 3: 1-4. Bishops, Elders and Deacons were disqualified if not married.
Heb. 13: 4. Paul says marriage is *honorable in all.*
I Tim. 4: 1-3. Paul says it is *a departure* from the *faith* to forbid marriage.

7. As to Confession to a Priest

Mark 2: 7. God only can forgive Sins.
Heb. 7: 27. Priests needed forgiveness themselves.
Psalm 32: 5, 7. David confessed to God, not to a Priest.
Ezra 10: 10-12. Ezra, a Priest, taught confession to God, and not to himself, (a Priest).
Dan. 9: 4, 5. Daniel said, Confess to God.
Acts 8: 20-22. Peter told the Sorcerer to Confess to God and not to himself or Mary, or to any saint.
I Peter 2: 5, 9. Peter says all believers are priests.
James 5: 16. James exhorts believers to confess *faults one to another.* Our faults are sins.

8. Christ's Atoning Death and Merits the Only Ground of Peace and Pardon

Isa. 53: 5, 6. Christ took our place on the Cross.
II Peter 2: 24. He bore our sins.
Gal. 3: 13. He redeemed us.
John 19: 30. He *finished all atoning work,* and *made all the merit* needed for our salvation.
John 6: 28-29. *To believe* is doing God's work, in his way and sight. Believe occurs 100 times in John's Gospel alone, and 251 times in the New Testament.

9. How To Be Saved

Rom. 3: 28. Justified *without works.*
Rom. 4: 5. To him that *worketh not,* but believeth.
Eph. 2: 8, 9. Saved by Grace, not by works.
II Tim. 1: 9. Saved by Jesus, and not by works.
Rom. 5: 1. Justified by Faith, not by works.

Isa. 45: 22. Look to Jesus only for salvation.
John 3: 14-16. Believe on Jesus alone for everlasting life.
Acts 16: 31. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.
Rom. 6: 23. Prov. 14: 12. Man's way ends in death.
John 14: 6. Jesus said no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.

10. No Prayers for the Dead in the Bible

Heb. 9: 27. After death, the judgment. No hope beyond.
Luke 16: 19-31. Abraham could not help the dead, and Jesus gave no hope after death.
Eccl. 9: 10. No salvation after death.
II Sam. 12: 22, 23. David ceased praying when the Child was dead.
II Cor. 5: 8. Phil. 1: 21-23. The believer in Christ, at death goes at once to Christ.

WHAT WE ARE AND RECEIVE THROUGH JESUS

John 3: 16-17. Life. Salvation.
John 20: 31. How we get it. I John 5: 11-13.
Rom. 6: 23. Eternal life.
Rom. 5: 9. Saved from wrath to come. John 3: 36.
Eph. 1: 7. Redemption. Rom. 3: 23-25.
Rom. 5: 1. Peace. Col. 1: 20.
Acts 10: 42, 43. Remission. Isa. 50: 7, 8.
Acts 13: 38, 39. Forgiveness of sins. I John 1: 7-10.
Phil. 4: 7. We are kept in peace. Isa. 26: 3.
Gal. 4: 7. An heir of God.
Phil. 4: 13. Can do all things. Luke 10: 17. John 15: 5.
Rom. 1: 8. Must thank God.
I Cor. 15: 57. We get the victory.
Rom. 8: 37. Are more than conquerors.
Eph. 2: 18. Access to the Father. Eph. 1: 1, 5, 9.
II Cor. 8: 9. We are made rich. Luke 9: 58. Foxes.
Acts 4: 2. Will come forth from grave. John 11: 25, 26.
John 1: 7. Must believe through Jesus.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURE

II Tim. 3: 16, 17. II Pet. 1: 21. Rom. 15: 4. I Cor. 10: 11.

The Law Inspired

Exodus 4: 10-12. John 5: 39, 45-47. Mark 7: 9-13. Luke 16: 29-31.
Luke 24: 25-27, 44. Acts 24: 14. Acts 3: 22, 23. Acts 26: 22-23.
Acts 28: 22, 23. Heb. 10: 28. Exodus 20: 1. Isa. 8: 20. John 17: 8, 14.

The Psalms Inspired

II Sam. 23: 1, 2. Acts 1: 16. Psalm 41: 9. John 13: 18.
Psalm 32: 1, 2. Psalm 2: 1, 2. Psalm 2: 7. Psalm 110: 1.
Rom. 4: 6-8. Acts 4: 23-26. Acts 13: 32, 33. Mark 12: 35-37. Heb. 1: 5.

The Prophets Inspired

Jer. 1: 6-9. Luke 1: 68-70. Acts 3: 19-23. Acts 24: 14.
Acts 26: 22, 23. Acts 28: 22, 23, 25, 26. Heb. 1: 1.
Luke 24: 25-27, 44. Micah 5: 2. Jonah 1: 17. Psalm 22: 16.
Matt. 2: 1-6. Matt. 12: 39, 40. Isa. 59: 20, 21. I Kings 22: 14.

The New Testament Writers Inspired

Acts 2: 4. Gal. 1: 1, 8-20. John 14: 16. John 16: 12, 13.
I Cor. 14: 37. Matt. 10: 16-20, 40. I Cor. 2: 9-14.
I Thess. 4: 15. Luke 10: 16. I Thess. 2: 13.
II Pet. 3: 1, 2, 14-16. I Pet. 1: 1-12. Eph. 3: 1-5. I Cor. 9: 1, 2.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

Mark 16: 16. He is a believer.
John 8: 31, 32. He is a disciple.
Matt. 5: 13-16. He is a light.
Acts 8: 21. Heart is right with God.
II Chron. 6: 14-17. Does not mix with the world. I John 2: 15. James 4: 4.
Eph. 4: 31, 32. Has no bitterness. John 13: 34, 35.
1 Cor. 9: 24-27. Overcomes self.
John 15: 14, 15. A true friend.
II Tim. 2: 3. A good soldier of the Lord.
Rom. 1: 7. Called to be a saint.
I John 3: 13-16. He does not hate a brother.
Psalm 101: 3. He controls the eye. Psalm 119: 37. Turn.

I Thess. 1: 9. He serves God.
I Thess. 1: 10. He waits for His Son.
Phil. 4: 6, 7. Much alone in prayer.
Matt. 12: 36. Is careful in speaking.
II Pet. 3: 11. Much engaged in holy conversation.
Phil. 3: 10-14. Goes forward. Tell my people.

EIGHT STEPS DOWN IN BACKSLIDING

1. Neglect of secret prayer. Acts 2: 42. Col. 4: 2.
2. Disregard for the Bible. Prov. 28: 9. John 15: 7.
3. Forsaking the means of grace. Heb. 10: 25.
4. Worldly-mindedness. II Tim. 4: 9-11. I John 2: 15-17.
5. Levity in conversation. Eph. 5: 4. II Pet. 3: 9-11.
6. Dwelling on the faults of others. Matt. 7: 1-5.
7. Having a quarrelsome spirit. Isa. 29: 21. I Cor. 3: 3.
8. Readiness to take offense. Prov. 14: 17. Prov. 18: 19.

THREE ENEMIES AND HOW CONQUERED

1. The world. I John 5: 1.
2. The flesh. Gal. 2: 16.
3. The devil. James 4: 7.
4. The Lord knoweth how to deliver. II Pet. 2: 9.
5. God sustains in temptation. I Cor. 10: 13.

IN ORDER TO HAVE OUR PRAYERS ANSWERED

We must ask in the name of Jesus. John 14: 13, 14.
We must be abiding in Him. John 15: 7.
We must be keeping His commandments. I John 3: 22, 23.
We must be giving thanks at same time. Col. 4: 2.
We must seek spiritual things first. Matt. 6: 33.
We must pray for all the saints at same time. Eph. 6: 18.
We must be intelligent as to God's mind. Jude 20. Eph. 6: 18.
We must not have hard feelings toward any one. Mark 11: 24-26.
We must not babble. Matt. 6: 7.
We must not ask for fleshly desires. James 4: 3.
We must not doubt God will keep His word. Mark 11: 24. James 5: 14, 15.

We must be careful for nothing. Phil. 4: 6.
We must be prayerful for everything. Phil. 4: 6.
We must be thankful for anything. Phil. 4: 6.

The following Readings are the result of our last Bible study, three months before my friend went to be with our risen Lord:

THE BIBLE CONCERNING JESUS

The Bible is authoritative:
Deut. 6: 6, 7. II Tim. 3: 16. II Pet. 1: 21. John 5: 39.
The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of Prophecy:
Rev. 19: 10. Luke 24: 27. I Pet. 1: 10, 11.
Prophecy is the Word of God:
II Pet. 1: 21. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."
MOSES—Exodus 4: 10-12.
DAVID—II Sam. 23: 1, 2.
JEREMIAH—Jer. 1: 6-9.
The Old Testament contains much of Prophecy and most of it refers to Christ.
The New Testament contains fully 300 quotations from Prophecy.
The Old Testament points to Jesus as the Redeemer.
Isa. 7: 14. Zech. 13: 1. Mal. 4: 2.
The New Testament reveals the prophesied Redeemer.
John 1: 29-34. Rev. 13: 8.
Redemption through Jesus foretold in the Old Testament.
Gen. 3: 15. Exodus 12: 13. Isa. 53: 1-5.
Redemption fulfilled in the New Testament.
John 3: 16-17. I John 4: 14. I Cor. 15: 3. I Pet. 1: 18-21. I Pet. 2: 24.
This authority is supreme; therefore we need no other.
Isa. 8: 20. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."
Luke 16: 29. John 5: 39, 46. Acts 10: 43.

WHO IS THIS JESUS?

His name and character are discovered on most of the pages of the Bible:

Isa. 7: 14. "Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."

Matt. 1: 23. Luke 1: 30-33.

Is this one born of the virgin Mary more than man?

Isa. 9: 6. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

THOMAS recognized him as God. John 20: 28.

ELISABETH recognized him as God. Luke 1: 43.

JOHN recognized him as God. John 1: 1-3, 14. Heb. 1: 1-8.

The testimony of Jesus Himself:

John 8:58 compare with Exodus 3:14.

John 10: 30. John 17: 5.

Proof of His claim:

John 2: 18-22. John 10:17, 18.

In the light of the above, and other Scriptures, what should be our attitude toward Him?

Heb. 10: 19-25.

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